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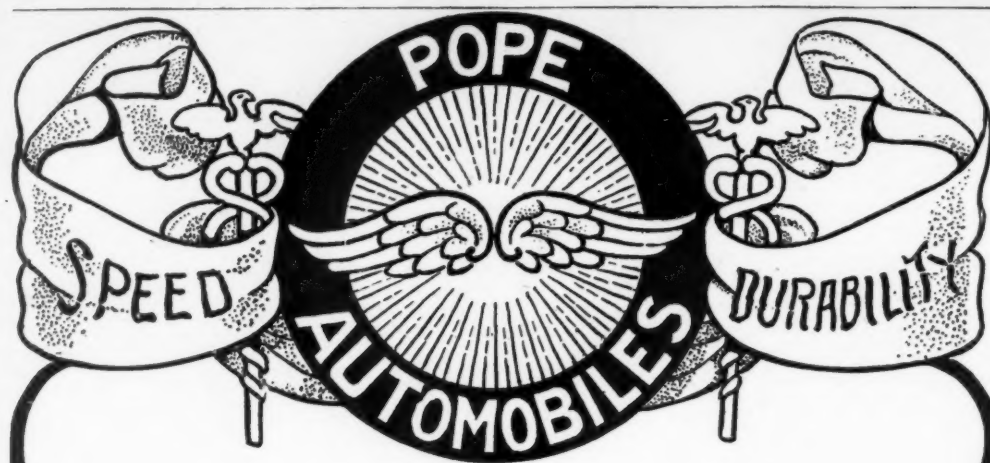
VIETNAM

DR. JAM.

NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE



"HANG IT! HOW CAN I GET INTO MY HOUSE WITH THOSE IDIOTS SITTING ON MY FRONT PORCH?"



Phenomenal Victories

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on road, hill and track, over cars of three times its horse-power and many times its cost, have astonished the entire automobile world.

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The Literary Zoo

Fiction

A WASHINGTONIAN who signs himself "Old Boy" recently addressed a pathetic inquiry to a New York newspaper. He finds, it appears, a pretty general conviction among his best read acquaintances that there is little fiction of the last fifteen or twenty years that is really worth reading; and while he is inclined to the same opinion, he confesses to a knowledge too limited to entitle him to a judgment. "Is much of it worth while," he asks, "and why? Which ten or fifteen works would give the highest idea of the fiction of that period?"

* * *

IN SOME of its aspects it is a painful and a delicate question, and we have been waiting for some one to answer it. But at the present writing no one has done so. We felt sure that some of our publishers would find it incumbent upon them to enlighten so ingenious an ignorance. It would be so easy for them to supply "Old Boy" with a long list of recent books which they themselves have repeatedly declared in display type to be proper to Literature with a large "L." We are at a loss to understand their silence and the silence of the many critical celebrators of current fiction who have ravished the dictionary for terms of appropriate praise. And as we suspect that "Old Boy" is in a boat with many others, we venture to unload our own personal information and opinion on the subject.

* * *

"IS MUCH of it worth while, and why?" Adopting the Socratic method, we would like to answer that question by asking another: Excepting the infrequent groups of masters since the days of Fielding and Defoe, is much of the fiction within any period of fifteen or twenty years worth while? If "Old Boy" is content only with the masters, he will be a man of few books. He may even carry the process of exclusion further by slightly raising his standard of taste. In Taine's opinion, Thackeray produced but one novel of artistic worth—*Henry Esmond*. To the late William Ernest Henley, Thackeray's faults were too pronounced for charity. For some minds no really great novelist has arisen on English soil. It is a scandal that we mention only under our breath, that when we are asked to name an American fiction classic we can point only to a single work of Nathaniel Hawthorne's and a few short stories by Poe and Bret Harte.

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FRANKLY, our load of inherited fiction that we really read to-day is light enough. Except Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot, a few of Scott's novels, Bulwer, if you must—though he has no place in the preceding category—a book each by Reade, Blackmore and Charlotte Brontë; then amplify the list considerably if you can. Did some say Trollope? Who spoke up for Jane Austen? The list grows slowly.

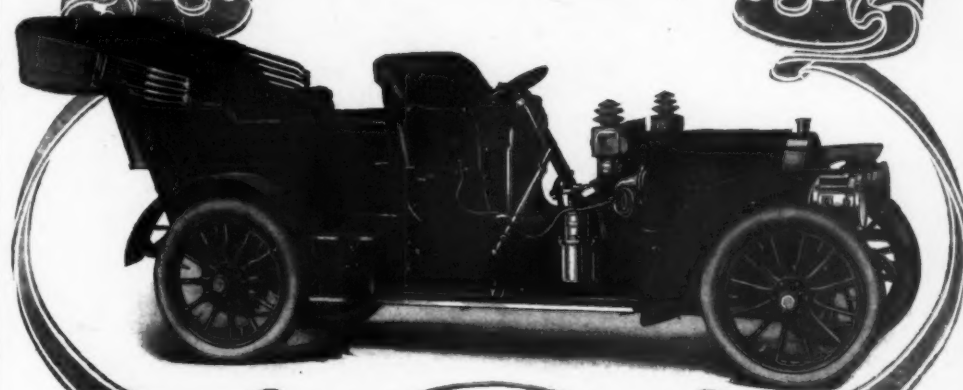
And now for the "ten or fifteen works" of the last twenty years. Tastes differ, as Heine remarked when reminded that the Jews were God's chosen people; but, personally, we are proud of our own times when we remember that *Peter Ibbetson* appeared only fifteen years ago, and was soon followed by *Trilby*; that Kipling has done some of his best work, including the *Jungle Books*, and certain short stories—yes, and *Kim*; that Robert Louis Stevenson was spared to write *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Ebb Tide*. Within this period, too, Thomas Hardy has given us *Tess*; our own Mark Twain, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Joan of Arc*. Some persons find George Meredith's later novels worth while. It is only within recent years that Henry James has fallen a victim to his own style. We have been vastly entertained by *Sherlock Holmes* and *Barrie's Sentimental Tommy*. We are among those who greatly rejoice in the literature produced by Maurice Hewlett—notably *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard Yea and Nay*. Has any one written better sea tales than Joseph Conrad? *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, by Mr. Howells, is representative. Already we have filled out the list, and yet have said nothing of Owen Wister, Frank Norris, Jack London and Mrs. Wharton, of Israel Zangwill and Anthony Hope, of George Moore, W. J. Locke, Richard Whiteing and Mrs. Humphry Ward, of H. G. Wells (read, by all means, his *Love and Mr. Lewisham*) and the entertaining W. W. Jacobs. Then there is Hichens and Eden Phillpotts, and—but we really must forbear. It would be easy to stock a little library with fiction worth while, produced in the last twenty years; and some of it is quite as likely to endure as certain dusty books on our shelves which we speak of reverently—and never read.

How Pat Got In

DR. GEORGE A. GORDON, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission. St. Peter refused him; however, telling him he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowed three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out, "Come in, Pat! We'll let bygones be bygones!"—*Lippincott's*.

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The intimate thoughts of a brilliant and erratic creature. The philosophy of a mind unusually free and untrammelled, brave and truthful.—*Detroit Journal*.

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LIFE

The Unembellished One

DRAPE me with a fig-leaf, said Prudery.

Decorate me with epaulets, said Mediocrity.

Clothe me in the robes of righteousness, said Sin.

Deck me with the garments of innocence, said Vice.

Put sincerity's gown upon my shoulders, said Deceit.

Place the crown of fidelity on my brow, said Disloyalty.

Cover me with the draperies of love, said Lust.

Give me the staff of tolerance, said Persecution.

Adorn me with the cloak of liberty, said Tyranny.

Beautify me with the dress of duty, said Irresponsibility.

Garb me with the habiliments of humility, said Pride.

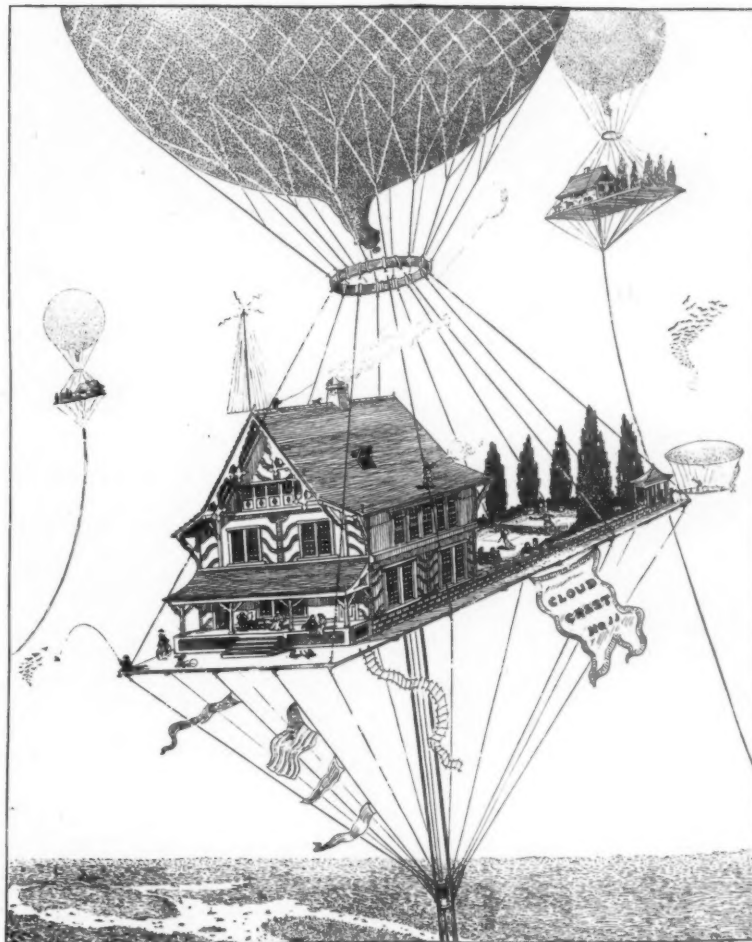
Then Truth said: Let me be naked and unashamed. *Victor Robinson.*

Civilized

SEE the Woman!

She has step-ladder, corkscrew heels on her shoes and has squeezed her feet into a pair several sizes too small; and she looks as if she was going to fall forward and be deformed some more. She is having a continuous struggle with the law of gravitation.

She has a steel frame about her upper part and has compressed her waist so that



WHY GO TO THE MOUNTAINS?

"RENT ONE OF OUR CAPTIVE COTTAGES DURING THE HEATED SEASON. ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. LIFE AERIAL COMPANY. SEND FOR CATALOGUE"



Kyoodle: YES, POOR ROVER WAS CAUGHT BY THE BUTCHER.

Pugdoodle: NOW I SUPPOSE WE MAY EXPECT THE WURST.

it looks like the small end of a funnel, and she can hardly breathe, and her internal anatomy has shifted quarters, and there are several jobs ahead for the family doctor. And she don't know why she feels "poorly" most of the time. She is pinned, tied, laced and braced.

She uses cosmetics, hair dyes, paints, powders, belladonna to brighten her eyes, and all manner of false and uncomfortable things are on and about her from her head down.

She has rings on her fingers, bangles on her wrists, a chain about her neck, many trinkets on her breast, and her blood has to struggle for circulation.

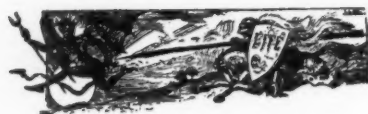
She has birds and gay-colored plumes and feathers on her hat, and she wearth many colors.

She is not what she was created but is what she has created.

Is the Woman a Savage?

No—she is the Flower of Civilization!

Henry Waldorf Francis.



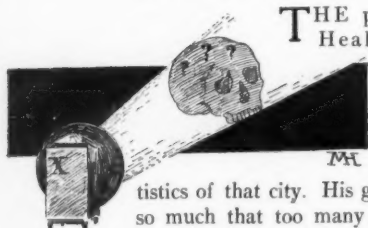
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. L. AUGUST 22, 1907 No. 1295

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. Mitchell, Pres't. A. Miller, Sec'y and Treas.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE papers quote Health Commissioner Evans of Chicago as finding much fault with the mortuary statistics of that city. His grievance is not so much that too many people die, as that the men and women in Chicago die so unevenly. So it has happened increasingly for twenty years past, he says, and the trouble is especially conspicuous in the returns for the last seven months, wherein about 12,000 men have died, and only about 8,000 women. Twenty years ago there were ten per cent. more men than women in the annual death list, which is about right. Now it shows thirty per cent. more men. Dr. Evans says that the Chicago men take life too hard; that they work harder than the women, run more risks, live faster, eat faster, cultivate worse habits and wear themselves out long before their proper time.

It seems too bad to have these men fade out so, but we are not sure that it may not be a lawful exhibition of the principle of the survival of the fittest, and the operation of a process of cure by which in the course of years Chicago is to be purified and made good. The ten-cent magazines, which direct such searching lights on our national delinquents, print pieces from time to time about the social and political conditions in Chicago, and invariably give the impression that there is always a very considerable number of men there who could be spared from life to the advantage of the community. If only nature makes a proper selection of the Chicago men who come annually to premature ends, there may be no fault to find with her methods. Men who know how to live, live on the average about as long as their women folks. Men who do not know how

to live, usually, and very properly, die earlier.



CHICAGO may have an unusually large proportion of men who do not know how to live. Doubtless she has, for she is a haven for adventurous and unterrified spirits. But she has no monopoly of them; they exist abundantly in every part of the country. In the course of time they come to their own, but some of them are mighty tough and hold out a long time. It takes a great deal of unwise living to cut even ten years off the life of a robust man who starts with a full outfit of vital energy. There happens, for example, to be in the papers some account of the present status of J. Edward Addicks, once a claimant of residence in Delaware and an obnoxious aspirant for a Senatorship from that State. Addicks used to be rich. We read that he has lost all his money, which is good news, if true, for he did much mischief with it while he had it. We read, too, that his third wife, whom he married after his second wife had got a divorce from him, is suing for a divorce, and is likely to get clear of him with about a million dollars which he gave her when he had it. His two previous wives, of whom one divorced him, are both dead, but their heirs have inherited comfortable sums which he conferred upon them. But he has nothing left, they say, for himself except debts (which are possibly considerable enough to support him), so that he is a brilliant example of a man who did not know how to live.



AN EXAMPLE of the opposite sort we find in Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose physician has reported him to be entirely made over in health, and likely now to live to a great age. This is the more to his credit, because ten or twelve years ago he had an almost complete physical collapse, and could not eat anything worth eating, nor have any fun at all. How he gave up business at that time and settled down to do what his doctor told him to do, and live on his income and play golf, are matters of contemporary his-

tory. Now, instead of living in penury and seclusion in the back settlements while his legal widows live in luxury, he is having the time of his life and passes up his plate a second time at every meal. He has had some pretty sore fiscal trials lately, as when Judge Landis fined his late business twenty-nine millions. The papers discuss the possibility of locking him up, but neither loss nor threat seems to daunt his grit nor disturb his equanimity. When he talks, he talks excellent sense and sound philosophy. So cheerful is the maturity of one who can learn in time to live as he should.



AS TO that twenty-nine million-dollar fine which Judge Landis has inflicted on the Standard Oil Company, nobody seems at this writing to be losing much sleep over it except persons who have borrowed money on stocks and have seen the stocks decline to the prejudice of their margins. Whether the Standard Oil Company has twenty-nine millions more or less in its treasury probably does not make a serious practical difference to anybody, but what sort of a quiver would follow the actual collection of a fine of that size, and how many innocent persons would be shaken by it, is another and much more solemn question. In fiscal things, as in spiritual, we are members one of another, and on whosever back and however deservedly the lash falls hard, the welts may be expected to rise on the backs of a lot of us. The next worse thing to suffering from the sins of the corporations is to have them punished and suffer from their punishments. Punishment is a great nuisance. It is a relief to feel that arrangements are so nearly perfected to constrain everybody to be good all the time, and to make "After you" the business motto of our ambitious country.

DIRECTOR BARR, of the Jamestown Exposition, has made report that his show is complete and is a good show. He would like all of us to come and see it without further notice or delay, paying at the gate as is customary.

Go, every one who can. It is a very pleasant fair now, and the fall months ought to fill it with visitors.

Not an Exception

THE American father was up before the Angel Gabriel.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked that functionary.

"Fine!" exclaimed the American father. "In the past ten years I have made so much money that I have been able to place my girls in fairly good society and have them go through finishing school. Perhaps they didn't learn very much, but they made some powerful friends."

"Hum. Could you give a list of the text-books they have studied from the time they began?"

"No."

"Give the name of one book?"

"Certainly not."

"How much time have you spent with them since they were born?"

"About ten minutes a day."

"And you yourself haven't taught them anything?"

"I should say not. I have made so much money that I could pay others to do it."

The Angel Gabriel blew his silver horn.

"Take this gentleman," he said, "to the kindergarten department. Put him through the first, second, third and all the other grades up to the last. Give him bad air, poor food, paid sympathy and all the cash he wants."

At this point the American father interrupted.

"You can't do it," he said, triumphantly. "You can try and treat me the way I treated my children, but you can't keep away sympathy."

"Why not?"

"Because all the other men are just like me, and wherever I go there will be others for me to talk things over with."



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ONE bag of 62 tennis balls from the Nyack Country Club.

Postals from Life's Farm

DEAR AUNT GEORGE:
 we got here very safely and we are enjoying our vacation very well may is enjoying herself very well. she does not want to go home. that all.
 Answer to branchvill, Life farm Conn. oblige FLORENCE.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:
 I write you a few lines to let you know i am having a good time up here we have all kinds of sports an fun and tell aunt maggie i wish georgie was here to have some of the fun. no more.
 From your neice JENNIE.

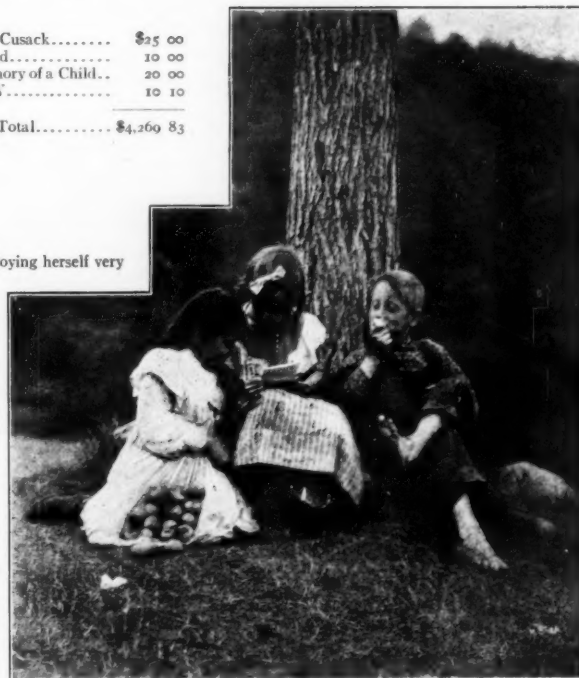
DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:
 we are having a nice time. And we are by nice people and kind people We go in bathing every two days. And please send me a dime or a nickel. I was very glad that we got here at seven o'clock I hope you will send me that money. I send a kiss to each one. I hope you are all well. Regards from all.

Sinking War to the Level of a Sport

CAPTAIN MAHAN, at the Hague Congress, argued against immunity of merchant vessels and their cargoes from capture in war time. It is an incentive to war, he says, to remove such an evil as this.

So it is, and it would deprive naval officers of their only chance to get rich, for it would abolish prize money.

The Hague Congress seems to want to sink war to the level of a sport. The football congress last summer showed the same disposition concerning football.



AT LIFE'S FARM

An Angel of Prosperity



YOUNG John Dobson sat gloomily in the office of his little inn at Shadyside Corners, looking disconsolately over his accounts.

The summer season was beginning, but his inn had been passed by and the prospects were that it would be almost empty during the entire summer.

There was a time when Shadyside Corners was a fashionable resort, but other preferences had come, and Dobson saw ruin staring him in the face. His father had left him the inn as a bachelor's inheritance. It had been in the family for generations and for reasons of sentiment, if nothing else, he desired to keep it up.

There was a knock at the door. A young woman stood on the threshold, a young woman such as Mr. Dobson had not seen for years. She was fresh, she was piquant, she was everything that any man might desire in the way of clothes, looks and youth. In brief, she was delightful.

"May I come in?"

Mr. Dobson rose and offered her a chair.

"What can I do for you?"

"I will come to the point at once. I am a professional guest.

Two years ago my father died and left me and mamma penniless, and I have been obliged to earn my own living since. I fill your hotel with guests—young men, of course—the most

desirable, easiest-paying kind. All I ask on your part is to provide a good table. I'll do the rest."

She smiled at him confidently.

"I'll also supply the surroundings," she said.

"I don't quite understand you," stammered poor Dobson, so sudden had been the entrance of his visitor.

"It's all quite simple—a matter of business, you know. I have a complete list of nice young men who spend their vacations in places like this—I got it from an agency. I call on them and persuade them to spend their vacations here. Trust me to do that. When the season opens I'm on the spot, with mamma as chaperon, and divide my time among them. They tell about me to others. Mothers come to investigate. Why, in a month or so I'll have your house filled! It's awfully hard work, you know. But I'm young and strong, and besides, if one knows how, it's so much easier."

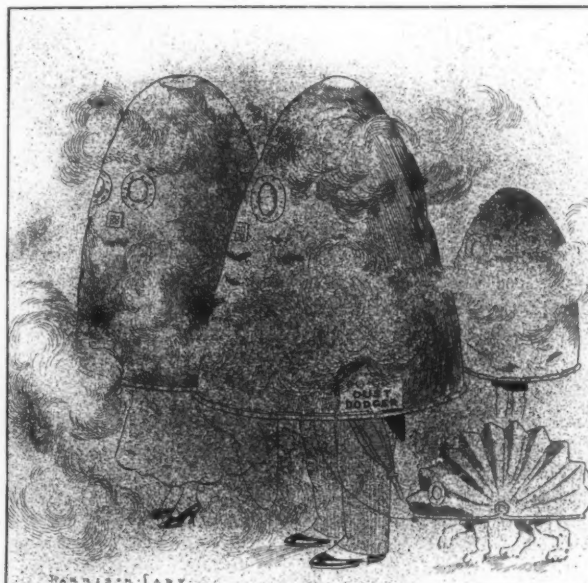
Mr. Dobson's eyes grew big.

"Do—you—flirt with them?" he asked.

"Sure. You didn't suppose I sat on the piazza and knitted afghans, or read Sunday-school books to them, did you?" she laughed.

"But you can't flirt with all of them at once."

"Oh, can't I! That's my business. You provide food for them, don't you? Well, I provide sentiment. Besides, flirting isn't all hard labor. There are all stages to it. There's leading



LIFE'S PATENT DEVICE TO PROTECT PEDESTRIANS FROM AUTOMOBILE DUST

up and leading down. Why, I can keep some young men going for days just by smiling at them once or twice a day. I usually select a couple of steady chaps to cling to and then—but I'm giving away my business. Remember, sir, that time is money. All I ask is ten per cent. of your gross business and my board. Will you accept my proposition or not? There are my references. You see I'm endorsed by some of the best people. Being a professional, every young man who comes here is perfectly safe with me."

Mr. Dobson hesitated no longer. He was in that financial condition where anything was worth trying.

"Very well," he said; "I'll accept your offer. And you can't start any too soon."

In two weeks the first instalment of guests began to arrive, and with them came the professional.

Dobson had to admit, as he found his rooms filling up, that the young woman he had engaged was a "wonder."

On Saturday afternoon she took him aside.

"Here," she said, "will you keep these engagement rings in the safe? I'm afraid I'll lose them. And, of course, by and by I shall have to return them to their owners."

"How do you do it?" asked Dobson, his voice teeming with admiration. "I should think they'd get mad at you. And, of course, you have to deceive them."

"Nothing of the sort. I tell them the truth—only they don't believe me."

In spite of himself, this young man, who had never been far away from his native town, except to graduate at a near-by high-school, was interested.

"Well," he said, "I'd just like to know how you do it. You couldn't show me, could you?" he asked, blushing at his own words.

"Of course I could, but I haven't time. I'm rushed enough as it is. Besides, it would interfere with business."

"But couldn't you take a few hours off and?"—

"Not a moment. Why don't you watch me, if you're interested? Don't get close enough to interfere. But you people who've always lived in the country are observant anyway."

"I can't do that," choked Dobson. She was so irresistible that even he was caught in the mesh.

She got up hurriedly.

"Well!" she exclaimed, "I must be off. I have an engagement. Do you know"—she lowered her voice—"I've almost been kissed five times already to-day."

"And haven't you been once?" he asked.

"Don't talk shop," she replied, and vanished.

Dobson began to realize that, even if business was not being interfered with, his happiness was.

Every evening, as he counted up his cash receipts—now a large sum daily—he viewed them with mingled feelings of satisfaction and despair.

They represented two things: prosperity and misery.

It was her very innocence, her complete disinterestedness, that won him to her. It was her only way of earning an honest living. He realized instinctively that if she were a real flirt she couldn't do it. Her very ingenuousness was what made her attractive, and what filled the hotel with young men.

They came and went, two weeks being the limit, as a rule, for any one of them to stay. It seemed to Dobson, viewing matters from his office, as if the whole place was being strewn with broken hearts. But it was business, after all.

And so he counted his cash and his own heartaches every night.

One day, when there seemed to be a lull, he managed to take her aside, and drew her into his little office.

"Never mind," he whispered, "he—or they—can wait a few moments. But I want to ask you just one thing. Say—honest—has any of 'em ever kissed you—actually?"

She almost laughed aloud.

"What do you think I am?" she answered back. "Such a nincompoop as that? Don't you know that if I let one of them kiss me I'd have to let them all! I lead them to expect it, but never let them. That's the secret of success."

"Then I suppose you'd treat me the same way?" he asked, disconsolately.

"Why should I? You see it's different with you. It isn't business with you. I"—And then, at the thought of what she was saying, she actually blushed.

"Of course," she hurried to explain, "I didn't mean that. But with you, don't you see, there'd be no object."

"Certainly not," he replied, gravely.

Then he said, with a determined look: "Say, the rush is over, do you realize it? The season is passing. Why, in a week or so there'll be a frost. Already they're beginning to go."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" she replied. "Don't I have to say goodbye half a dozen times a day? And they all expect to see me alone! It's awfully wearing."

"But you can't have so much to do as you did—to-morrow; let us take a walk."

"No."

"But it doesn't make any difference now if they all go. No new ones will



SCENE ON BOARD ATLANTIC LINER NEARING SANDY HOOK

Observant Foreigner: I REALLY CAWNT UNDERSTAND YOU AMERICANS. AS YOU APPROACH YOUR NATIVE LAND YOU LOSE ALL YOUR GAIETY AND BECOME SAVAGELY MOROSE.

American: YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IT AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.



"BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW, GEORGE DEAR, THAT YOU CAN FIND THE WAY TO NEWPORT WITHOUT A CHART?"

"WHY, DEAREST, I'LL SIMPLY FOLLOW THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES."

come. You are too conscientious. Don't you realize that your work is over for the season?"

She meditated.

"So it is," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. Then I can be going also. I shall be glad of the rest."

She smiled gaily.

"Just think," she said, "I am one of those who have to take their vacations in the winter. When will you let me off?"

"Never!" said Dobson. "I want you to stay here all the time."

"What for?"

He closed the office door.

"Because I love you."

"Do you?"

"Honest, I don't care what happens—I don't care if the old inn goes to smash. Won't you let me see you—alone?"

"Certainly, if you like. You can meet me in half an hour in the third pavilion the other side of the rustic bridge." She consulted a note book. "Yes," she said, "that's right. I have no engagement *there—then.*"

Dobson was there on time. He couldn't wait to get there.

She held out her hands.

"I want you to understand," she said, "that even if, by any possibility, anything ever should happen between us, it really wouldn't affect the business, anyway. I want to make that clear."

"I wouldn't care if it did."



"HURRY UP, FELLERS! THEY'RE OPEN-WORK."

"Of course not. That's why you never got on before. I can fill this place in other ways besides being flirted with. I know it. And now we've got a good start and money enough to advertise and make improvements for next season—why, it will be easy. You need a woman in charge anyway."

Dobson grasped her hands in his.

"I need you," he said. "Will you let me have you?"

She smiled.

"On one condition."

"And that?"

"Do you really think, now, you could learn to love me? After all, you are but a man."

"I could learn to love you better than all the rest of them."

"They all say that."

He took her hand.

"Will you let me kiss you?"

"Not now. Perhaps later."

"Say you love me."

"Certainly. I adore you."

Dobson was beside himself.

He reached forward eagerly. He tried to put his arms about her.

"Will you marry me?"

"Perhaps. We are both so young."

Dobson attempted to fold her in his arms. But with a sudden, decisive movement she rose.

"There!" she said; "now I must be going."

"What do you mean?"

And she smiled back at him.

"Why, don't you understand? Didn't you want me to show you how it was done?"

Chesterton Todd.

Wisdom Tabloid

THE retort to censure is often like the sparks that fly from red-hot iron when the blacksmith smites it. The sparks fly harmless and are gone, but the shaping mark remains in the iron.

RICHMAN: And you intend yours to be a cemetery of moundless graves?

CEMETERY PROMOTER: Precisely so, sir. The graveyard has long been the pleasure resort of countless people and our idea is to create a combined cemetery and golf-links.

WOMAN is a thing of beauty and an expense forever.

We Have Lost St. Gaudens

IT IS a great public misfortune that Augustus St. Gaudens should not have lived and worked his time more fully out. He is dead at fifty-nine, leaving behind him, to be sure, the noblest monuments of sculpture which our country possesses, but leaving also a great regret that we shall not have from him the fruits of another ten years of his genius and his labor. He did this country a service of profound and lasting value. His greater works stand where thousands see them every day, and to every intelligent mind that dwells upon them. Each of them is a joy, an inspiration and a lesson. Happily for New York, it has four or five admirable examples of his work and has them in fit places, where their influence will be felt as long as bronze and granite shall endure.

We owe to such an artist as St. Gaudens a double debt: first, because of great and beautiful works that he has conferred upon us; second, because he has saved us from the perpetual contemplation of works of inferior merit that would have stood where his works stand if he had not filled the places.

"DID you hear about Isaac?"

"Vy, what happened him?"

"He had his appendix taken away last Saturday."

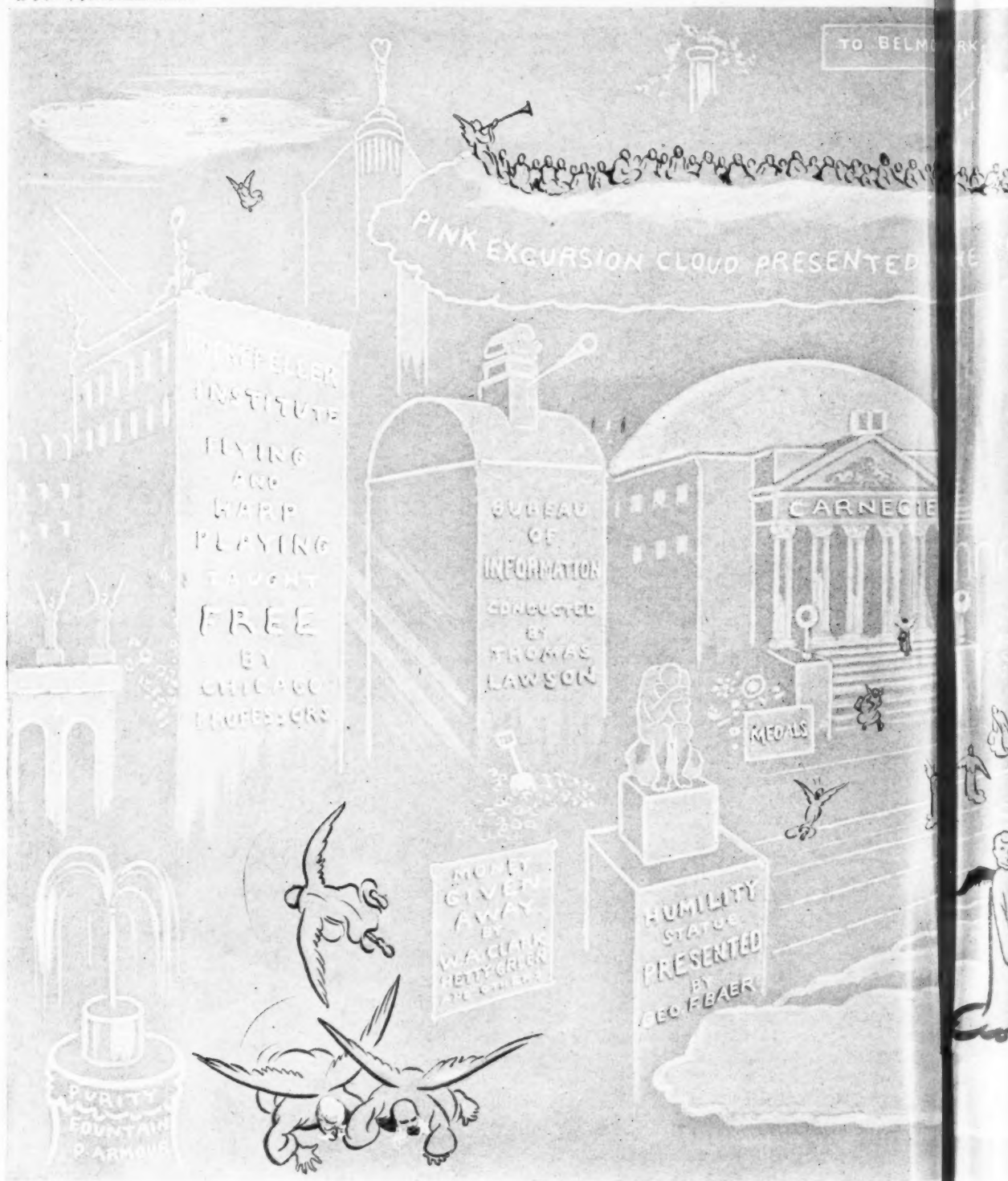
"Vot a fool; vy didn't he have it in his wife's name!"



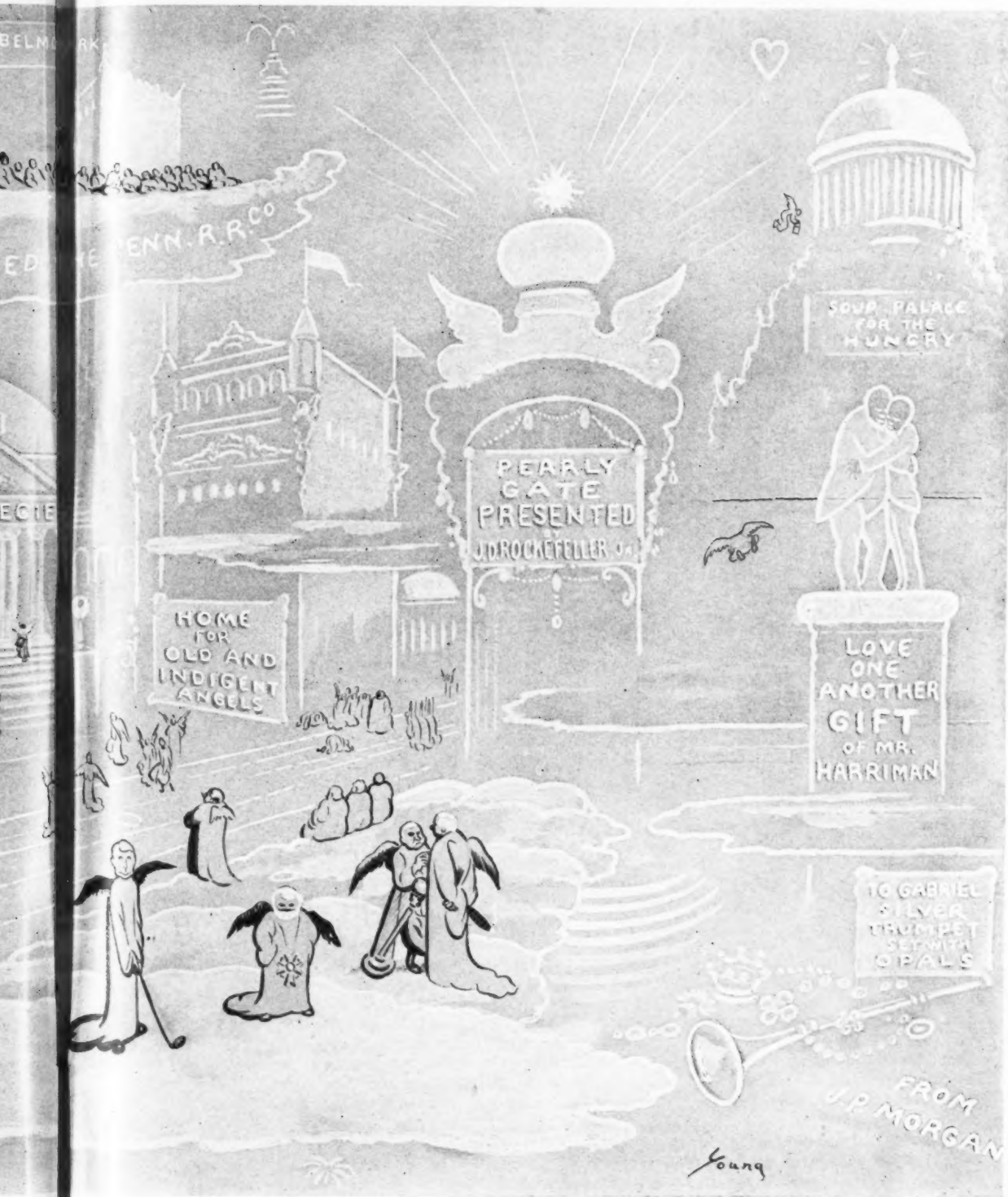
AUTO TROUBLE

A SOFT TIRE

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IF THE T IN



The Boy President

Or Rollo in the White House



Rollo and Mr. George were taking a long walk.

III.

Orthography.

ROLLO and Mr. George were taking a long walk, for Rollo was fond of long walks and rides. He was wont to declare that nothing drove away the dull care of State like a brisk automobile ride out of the District followed by a cross-country walk home to the White House. If it became necessary to swim the Potomac River on the way home, why it was so much the more sport.

It was a long time before Rollo learned that in traveling from the District of Columbia into Virginia or Maryland he was not to expect any visible mark of demarcation showing the frontier. Boys at school, in studying the shape and conformation of different countries on the map and seeing them marked off by distinct colored boundaries and each country a different color, are very apt to imagine that in travel they will leave a bright green France to find themselves suddenly in a pink rose Italy, and thus by visible signs to know when they pass the frontier. But nothing of the kind happens; the sky is of the same color in Virginia as it is in the District of Columbia, nor is there any difference in the color of the soil, so that as you walk from one State to another there is nothing to warn you of any change.

"Uncle George," said Rollo, "we are now in Virginia."

"Yes," replied Uncle George.

"And how are we heading?" asked Rollo.

Mr. George consulted a compass which he carried on a binnacle in his waistcoat pocket. "Southeast by east three-quarters east," he observed.

"Is that the course for the White House?" asked Rollo.

"I think that it is," replied Mr. George, "but if we walk in the direction of the Washington Monument, we will sooner or later reach the White House."

"If we walk by the indication of the monument, we shall be walking in a bee-line," said Rollo, with great emphasis.

"No bee-line for me," said Mr. George. "Let us go by the highway and over the bridge, for, as the old proverb says, 'The longest way around is the shortest way home.'"

"A fig for your old proverbs," said Rollo. "Some people govern their whole lives by worn-out saws. None of them for me. I want brand-new platitudes. A true sport scorns highways. Let us move in a straight line for the Washington Monument."

Mr. George turned pale, for he thought with dismay of the process of taking off his clothes and swimming the Potomac with them in a bundle on his head.

The two pedestrians were by this time on the top of a high hill which commanded an extensive view of the city of Washington.

"Let us not be moving just yet," said Mr. George. "Let us rest here for awhile and look around us— See, there is the Capitol."

"Yes," said Rollo, "and that reminds me that I was busy this morning preparing a Special Message to the Congress."

"Did you find the task a difficult or an easy one?" asked Mr. George.

"Oh, the task would have been easy enough if it had not been for the spelling of the words," replied Rollo. "I do not see what possible good reason there can be for spelling 'thru' t-h-r-o-u-g-h, so after puzzling over the Message for some time, I made up my mind that I would say good-by to all the old-fashioned spelling and go ahead in a bee-line."

Mr. George was very much disturbed.

"And because you do not in a moment see every reason, does that make it certain that there cannot be any for the spelling which has puzzled generations of men?" asked Mr. George.

"Why—no," replied Rollo.

"Then," said Mr. George, "you should suspend your judgment until you have further inquired into the matter."

"Very well," said Rollo. "May I ask again why you should spell 'thru' t-h-r-o-u-g-h?"



"I am about to issue a ukase reforming the spelling of English."

"I will answer your question," said Mr. George, "by asking you another. Why should we spell 'ruf' r-o-u-g-h, or 'tuf' t-o-u-g-h, or 'plow' p-l-o-u-g-h?"

Rollo gave it up.

"Oh, it is all very tiresome, Uncle George," he said. "Nothing tires me more than looking up the spelling of words in the dictionary. I like going in a bee-line. Don't you believe, Uncle George, that if I am determined, I, as President of the United States, might correct this monstrous abuse of English spelling?"

"I don't see what the President of the United States has to do with the regulation of spelling," said Mr. George.

"That shows, Uncle George," said Rollo, "that you are a 'B. N.'"

"A 'B. N.'? What is that?"

"A Back Number," said Rollo. "You are away behind the times, and have forgotten the history of your country into the bargain. If the President of the United States can regulate coal strikes, bring about peace with Russia, and reform the rules of playing football, why may he not reform orth—what is it?"

"Orthography," replied Mr. George.

"What does orthography mean?" asked Rollo.

"Straight writing," said Mr. George.

"Then our spelling should certainly be different from what it is," said Rollo. "Let me see, Uncle George, what do they call a decree made by the Czar?"

"A ukase," replied Mr. George.

"That sounds better than 'the President's Message,'" said Rollo. "Very well, then; I am about to issue a ukase reforming the spelling of English. From every schoolhouse shall fly the American flag, in every schoolhouse shall hang my portrait, and every scholar shall be taught to spell my way, or his own way, just as he pleases. Now, Uncle George, we shall start on our ortho-pedestrian trip to the White House. We shall steer by the Washington Monument and go as the crow flies."

John T. Wheelwright.

(To be continued)

Peace

COLONEL the Earl of Euston, in suggesting by what means war may be abolished, comes near the mark in these words:

"Let the weak races, whose continued existence offends the moral sense of the strong, be swept away."

Certainly nothing will come of measures which do not consider the moral sense of the strong races. A strong nation with its moral sense offended is as restive as a horse with a burdock under his saddle, and will not be quieted by sophistries. We know how that is. It is nearly ten years since the Spaniards offended our moral sense (with a little timely help from the newspapers) and we are hardly done prancing yet. In San Francisco there is a disposition to look upon the Japanese as not too husky to offend our moral sense, likewise, and although the rest of the country would like to be shown, the Earl of Euston is nevertheless borne out.

Weak races, like weak individuals, make for anything but peace, and the sooner they are swept away the sooner we shall come to a settled understanding.

Ramsey Benson.

The Frogs

PROCEEDING with my studies of nature, I could not help but be struck with the idiocy of the frogs. They were much alarmed by my approach, and leaped frantically, but instead of leaping away from me, they leaped toward me, many of them, and even against me.

There was one frog, especially, who in the most fatuous manner hurled himself against my legs repeatedly.

"Why are you such a fool?" I asked, at length.

"That is easily answered," replied the frog, with admirable courtesy. "You are perhaps not aware of what is nevertheless a fact, that American frogs, with the exception of a few old families in New Jersey, are descended from the frog who would a-wooing go, whether his mother would let him or no. In other words, our idiocy is hereditary."

Is it not singular?

And Yet, They Make Fun of Them

MR. FOGGY LONDON: What causes the delightfully clear weather you have in New York?

MR. MAN HATTAN: Skyscrapers, dear boy.

Conclusive

"DO YOU think that horrid story about Beatrice is true?"

"It must be. I heard it from her dearest friend."



MR. JUSTIN MILES FORMAN, in spite of what we believe to be a misguided perseverance, does not get much forwarder as a serious interpreter of life, through fiction. On the other hand he retains, almost unimpaired, the peculiar charm which springs from his genuinely spontaneous idealism and his gift of magnetic narration. His latest novel, *A Stumbling Block*, is, it seems to us, an excellent illustration of both statements. It has much of the quality which most of Mr. Forman's writings have had, and which can best be expressed by the word captivating; but, taken seriously, it is like the work of most so-called optimists who dabble in tragedy. None of which alters the fact that, not taken seriously, the book is more than ordinarily pleasing.

One can not read Frank T. Bullen's *Our Heritage the Sea* without thinking what a good time he must have had writing it. He seems to have hypnotized himself with his subject before starting in on it and the result is a rhapsodic panegyric suggestive in places of salt water taffy. The book treats of the sea as a reservoir of health, a source of food supply, a universal highway and in its relation to English empire. The author is sometimes poetic and sometimes scientific; but he is always consciously writing "literature" and always homocentrically persuaded that the wind was made for windmills and the fish for frying pans.

Marjorie Bowen's second story, *The Master of Stair*, is a glowing romance of the Scotch highlands and of royalist intrigue during the English reign of William of Orange. It is a brave tale, generously conceived and vividly imagined, and its defects, obvious as they are and unfortunate in their incidence, fail to obscure the qualities from which, indeed, they spring. The most damaging of them is the author's self-defeating extravagance in her delineation of Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, after whom the book is named.

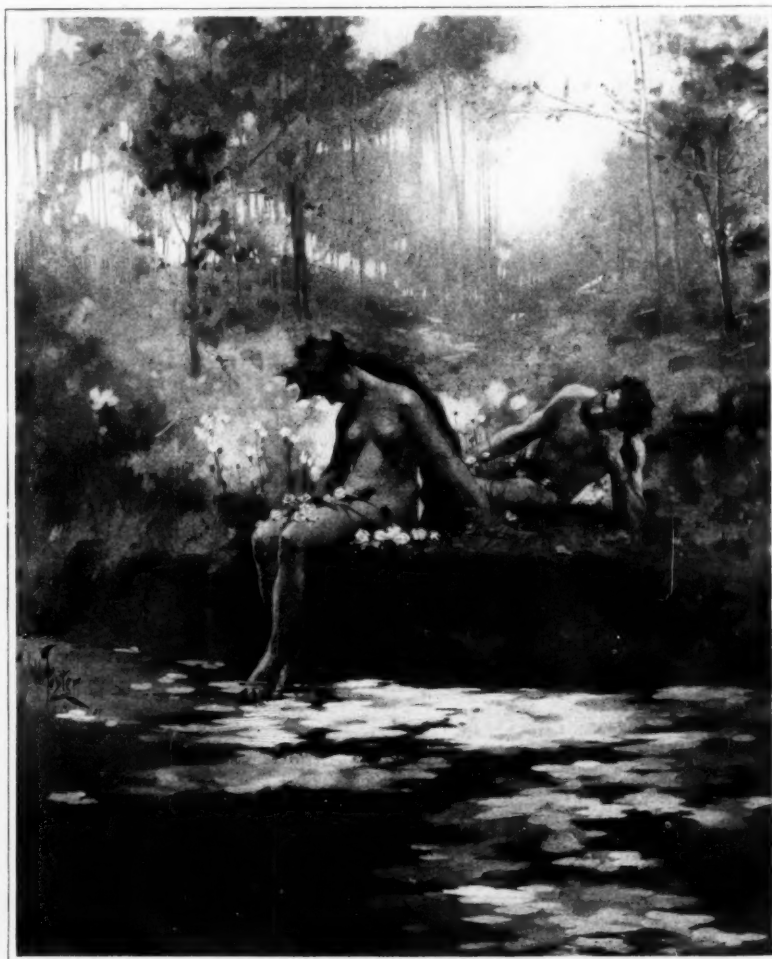
Labrador has been so much before the reading public this season, both in fiction and in books of travel or of exploration, that Doctor Charles Wendell Townsend's

volume, *Along the Labrador Coast*, handsomely bound and copiously illustrated as it is, is likely to attract the attention of those whose interest has been aroused but not satisfied. The book however is unlikely to interest the casual reader. The author is an amateur ornithologist and the book is little more than the journal of a trip largely devoted to bird observation.

Jerry Junior is a gossamer, comedietta-like love story by Jean Webster. Its scene is a mountain lake in northern Italy. Its chief actors are a man, a maid and a head waiter. Its plot, or rather its situation, for a plot would over-ballast it,

is as old as fiction and as flimsy as farce. But its lines are spun with an archness that not only saves it from being trite, but gives it a shimmering buoyancy of its own. In short it is a poor cobweb, but the dew is on it.

The latest bit of work by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* is called *Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther* and consists of one side (the fräulein's side) of a long correspondence carried on between the daughter of a German professor and one of his English ex-students. The letters are leavened by the author's typically veiled but trenchant comment upon life and character, yet



THE IRRESISTIBLE ARGUMENT

Adam: HOW DID THAT OLD SNAKE MANAGE TO WORM HIMSELF INTO YOUR GOOD GRACES?

"HE TOLD ME THAT I WAS THE PRETTIEST AND BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN THE WORLD."



PROBLEM: IF THE CANOE CAPSIZED WHICH WOULD HE SAVE?

to put the matter roughly, there is too much lump for the leaven. The book is long-drawn-out and quite the least readable that the writer has published.

It is the title of a pamphlet written by a self-made and obscene philosopher who has apparently been mentally browsing a strange diet of Walt Whitman, Mrs. Eddy and Arthur Schopenhauer. It contains much matter that is gratuitously vulgar but many dicta that are, if not original, at least fulminantly novel in the plane upon which they now appear. For this reason it is here commended to those to whom it is actually dedicated, "those who have the nerve to read *It*."

J. B. Kerfoot.

A Stumbling Block, by Justin Miles Forman. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Our Heritage the Sea, by Frank T. Bullen. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

The Master of Stair, by Marjorie Bowen. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Along the Labrador Coast, by Charles Wendell Townsend, M. D. (Dana, Estes and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Jerry Junior, by Jean Webster. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther, by the author of *Elisabeth and Her German Garden*. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

It, by Clivette. (M. A. Donohue and Company, Chicago.)

Forward

IT IS no light matter when Bishop Potter and Mr. Henry James and Colonel George Harvey get together and vote the American woman's manners no better than they should be, but what, after all, is to be done about it? There are times when prudence admonishes us to compound with unfortunateness, lest a worse thing befall us.

The truth seems to be that the American woman, having ceased to be the weaker vessel and become a sonder-klasse by herself, the rules of the course will have to be modified accordingly. If her manner of navigation is such that she now and then fouls the lines of convention, so much the worse for convention. If peradventure she kicks up more fuss than our grandmothers would have deemed nice, somehow the

impression deepens that she is going to arrive.

Evolution is more and more apt, as we approach the ultimate, to be attended with noise and fume. Bridge, cigarets and high-balls show that the combustion is not perfect, but perfection is hard to attain without the loss of valuable time.

THE test of happiness is being able to enjoy things in general.

YEARS ago, when the G. A. R. annual department encampment was held in Boston, as the veterans were marching along one of the avenues a lady, who had secured an elevated position on a wagon in a side street, became conspicuous by the enthusiasm she displayed, and was dissatisfied with the lack of it in the bystanders. "Cheer!" said she. "Why don't you cheer? I guess you'd cheer if you'd lost two husbands in the war as I did."



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

ALL A MISTAKE

Neptune, riding the waves, suddenly came upon a fair bather. "Young lady, may I ask why you are in the water without a bathing suit?"

However, catching a better glimpse of her, he saw that she was suitably attired, so he apologized and continued on his way. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

SENDING A WIRELESS

Charles F. Lummis, the well-known author, traveler and authority on Indians, appeared recently in Washington in a corduroy suit, a sash and a sombrero.

"Mr. Lummis," said a reporter, "in your study of the Indians you must have come upon many strange things."

"In any study," said the novelist, "one comes upon strange things. Take, for instance, the study of childhood. Nothing reveals stranger things than that."

"I know a little boy in Los Angeles. He was bad the other day, and his mother punished him."

"After his punishment he was seen to go to his father's desk and write something on a sheet of paper. Then he went out into the garden, dug a little hole and buried the paper in it."

"His mother, after he had gone away, dug up the paper. It contained these words:

"Dear devil, please come and take mamma." —*Pittsburg News.*

GOVERNOR HARRIS, of Ohio, said in an after-dinner speech in Columbus:

"This matter is a serious matter, and it must be taken seriously. Haste is a bad thing. It nearly always causes error."

"I used to know a manufacturer. He was a good, honest man, but rather strict, rather close. Furthermore, he was inclined to be a little hasty."

"He had instituted in his mill a system of fines—fines for lateness, fines for mistakes, fines for spoiled work and so on."

"Well, in the rush season, happening to awake one morning very early, he went to the mill a little after starting time. As he got out of his automobile he saw a pale, haggard, hollow-eyed man walk wearily through the gate."

"Aha, Joe Harris," he shouted angrily, "ten minutes late, eh? Well, you're fined fifteen cents. Not a word now. That's the rule."

"Take yer time, boss," Harris answered. "I ain't knocked off from yesterday yet." —*Washington Star.*

AN UNMENTIONED ANCESTOR

Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking: "If you climb much further up your family tree, you will come face to face with the monkey." —*Lippincott's.*



SUMMER FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YORK CLIMATE

THE TRAPPER'S DEDUCTION

The professor had complained that the world in general still looks on science in a slighting way, and that reminded one of his companions of a story of a Western trapper.

The trapper, noticing a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he rose and brushed the earth from his knees, he said, with calm conviction:

"This was done either by a wild hog or by a botanist." —*The Washington Star.*

A SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT

Old Doctor Ryland, clergyman and educator, was greatly beloved in the South, and his visits were always enjoyed by his former pupils and parishioners. In his later years it was his custom to offer prayer whenever he made a ministerial call. On one occasion he called at a house where three of his former pupils were staying. These ladies were all past the thirtieth year mark, but in the eyes of the old gentleman they were still girls—which explains the petition he offered:

"Lord, bless these dear girls, just budding into sweet womanhood."

This was too much for one of the number, who, taking advantage of the doctor's deafness, added this clause, *sotto voce*: "Alas, Lord, budded, bloomed, faded and still unpicked!" —*Lippincott's.*

A BUFFALO physician tells of two young friends in that city who entered simultaneously upon their respective careers of physician and lawyer. Late one afternoon the newly made medico dashed into the room of his legal friend, exclaiming: "Great luck, old man! Congratulate me! Got a patient at last! On my way to see him now!" Whereupon the legal light-to-be slapped his friend on the back, saying: "Delighted, old chap!" Then, after a slight pause, he added, with a sly grin: "Say, let me go with you! Perhaps he hasn't made his will!" —*The Independent.*

STUNG

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged, tenderly. She fell for it, and he was busy for the next fifteen minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"Nope," she murmured. "It's hay fever, you know. But go od with th treatment." —*Cleveland Leader.*

AN INDICATION of Ambassador Jusserand's observing mind and clever wit is afforded in his recent observation that the American business man is not pressed for time, else he would not consider it necessary to be personally present when his shoes were in process of cleaning. —*Buffalo Commercial.*

OVERHEARD IN THE COUNTRY

WILFRED: Mamma, we were up in Farmer Crosby's yard, watching the eggs in his incubator.

HIS MOTHER: Did anything come out?

"Yep; Farmer Crosby—and he chased us." —*The Circle.*

"RUTH," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?"

"Why, we are playing, mamma," replied Ruth. "We're playing we are grown-up women making a call." —*Chicago Daily News.*

THE COMPELLING CAUSE

LITTLE MILLIE: Grandad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

GRANDFATHER: The woman. —*Pick-Me-Up.*

"YOUR bump of destructiveness," said the phrenologist, "is large. Are you a soldier?"

"No," was the reply. "I am a chauffeur." —*The Independent.*

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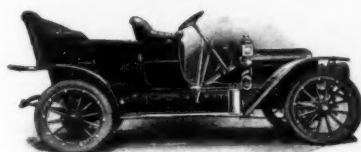
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FREE A book that shows by pictures how to put on a Clincher or Dunlop Tire. Every Owner, every Driver, every Dealer should have it.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co. Desk A HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

NEW YORK, 88 Chambers St. and 1769 Broadway; CHICAGO, 83 Michigan Ave.; BOSTON, 404 Atlantic Ave. and 1020 Boylston St.; CLEVELAND, 1891 Euclid Ave.; DETROIT, 256 Jefferson Ave.; DENVER, 1064 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 138 North 10th St.; BUFFALO, 725 Main St.; ATLANTA, GA., 55 Auburn Ave.; LOS ANGELES, 1505 South Main St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 129-433 Golden Gate Ave.

Agencies: Pittsburg Rubber Co., 913-915 Liberty Ave., Pittsburg; Gugler Electric Mfg. Co., Minneapolis; Geo. W. Perry & Co., St. Louis; Mercantile Lumber and Supply Co., Kansas City; F. P. Keenan Co., Portland (Ore.); Salt Lake Hardware Co., Salt Lake City; Compania Mexicana De Vehiculos, City of Mexico.

Mountain Air, Robust Appetite, and

EVANS' ALE

to give a Zest and aid digestion



For the man in the mountains there's nothing quite so good as Evans' Ale.



IN HIS EMPLOY

Passengers who arrived here the other day on the steamship *Korea* are telling with glee how Wong Wong, a Chinese engineer, also a passenger, silenced a very pompous Britisher who joined the liner at Yokohama. Wong, who is only thirty-two years old, belongs to one of the best families in the Chinese Empire. He is an educated gentleman of considerable polish and stands high in his profession. He has a brother attending Yale University and he himself is a college man. He is now general manager of what is probably the most important engineering concern in China and is going to Europe on a wholesale purchasing tour.

The pompous Britisher was introduced to Wong and from the first patronized the little Celestial in a most demonstrative way. Wong openly resented the Britisher's attitude, but did nothing in retaliation until one day in the smoking-room just after Wong had told a very good story. The silence that followed the laugh with which the yarn was greeted was broken by the Britisher.

"I say, me man," he said, "you speak English very well for a Chinese."

"Yes," replied Wong, "I have had a great many Englishmen in my employ."—*San Francisco Call*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

CHICKENS OF LEISURE

Mrs. Goldvein, of Cripple Creek, having unexpectedly come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in style. One day while she was showing some of her old-time friends about the place they came to the poultry yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" was the next question.

"Oh, they could, of course," was the reply, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."—*Lippincott's*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Tommy was going to a party.

"Here is half a crown, and mind you take a four-wheeler home Tommy, if it rains," said his father.

But Tommy came home drenched to the skin.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father.

"I did," said Tommy, "and sat on the box all the way home. It was the greatest fun."—*Pittsburg News*.

MILNER SAUERBRUNNEN. Natural, acidulous, alkaline water from Bilin, Bohemia, for stomach affections, uric acid, diabetes. Free booklet. *Laytles Brothers, Agents, N. Y.*

BRET HARTE was so frequently complimented on being the author of "Little Breches" that he was almost as sorry it was ever written as was Secretary John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady, who prided herself upon her literary tastes, said to him once: "Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares with your 'Little Breches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breches on the wrong man."—*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

THE GOOD PROVIDER

"Though Mrs. McKinley," said a Canton clergyman, "left an estate of about two hundred thousand dollars, she was one of the most charitable women in Ohio. Her experiences in charity work were interesting. I used to like to hear her talk of them."

"She once told me about a colored widow whose children she had helped to educate. The widow, rather late in life, married. A few months after her marriage Mrs. McKinley asked her how she was getting on."

"'I'se a-gittin' on fine, thank ye,' the bride answered."

"'And is your husband a good provider?'" said Mrs. McKinley.

"'Deed he is a good providah, ma'am,' was the reply. 'He got me five new places to wash at dis las' week.'"—*The Utica Observer*.



GOOD MORNING! Have you used PEARS' SOAP?



"OH, LOOK AT ALL THOSE INSECTS IN THAT THING!"

"YES, THAT'S ONE OF THOSE FAMILY JARS ONE HEARS SO MUCH ABOUT."

Garrick Club

Whiskey



A distinctly fine whiskey

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia

The Summer Girl Afloat

COME with you on your motor boat?
Of course I will!

And wear my oldest things, you say?
Much better still.

I love the splashing of the sea,
The rolling toward the port and lee,
I'll meet you in an hour or so.
Will I be late? Oh, no, no, no!

Ought I to wear my Peter Pan?

Of course I will!
And try this jaunty Panama?

Much better still.
A girl must always look her best,
Especially when she's put to test.
These russet pumps and new silk hose
Are just the thing for the wind that blows.

Sit opposite the engine, here?

Of course I will!
And keep my feet well to the side?
Much better still.

Oh, horrors! see the grease stain there,
And how the wind does blow my hair.
Say, Mr. Smith—hang, pop—oh, dear,
It isn't very peaceful here.

I wonder, can I move a bit?

Of course I will!
And rest my feet on that large pipe?

Much better still.
Oh, help! I've burned my ankle brown!
Do take me back, at once, to town!
Just see, he doesn't even hear,
He's fumbling with that engine gear.

I'd like to ask him to turn back:

Of course I will!
And show him that I'm quite displeased.

Much better still.
Oh, what a wind! Alas! Alack!
I'll never get that Panama back.
And see the clouds! We'll have a shower!
This sure has been a joyful hour!

—L. Z. Leroy, in *New York Sun*.

Fish Worth Catching

THE talk around the club table shifted to fish and fishing, with the usual astonishing consequences. "Well, gentlemen," said the man who was fortunate enough to tell the last story, "the best day's sport I ever had was off the coast of southern California. There were three of us in the boat, each of us had three lines out, and we simply couldn't pull them in fast enough."

"What kind of fish were biting?" asked an indulgent listener.

"I don't know what the natives call them," said the fisherman, "but they were big enough to be ichthyosauruses."

"Maybe they were whales, Frank," suggested an ironical member.

"Whales!" exclaimed Frank, with a look of disdain, "whales indeed! Why, man, we were baiting with whales!"—W. H. C.

Gloves for Keeps

MRS. NURITCH: I want to get a pair of swell white gloves to wear to a ball.

CLERK: Yes'm. How long do you want them?
"See here, young man, I ain't talking about rentin' 'em. I want to buy 'em."—*The Home Magazine*.

Why He Did Not Dance

THE other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."—*The London Tatler*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES



So exclusive in quality
so preeminently the best
-that they are supreme
as the cigarette of aristocrats and the aristocrat
of cigarettes.

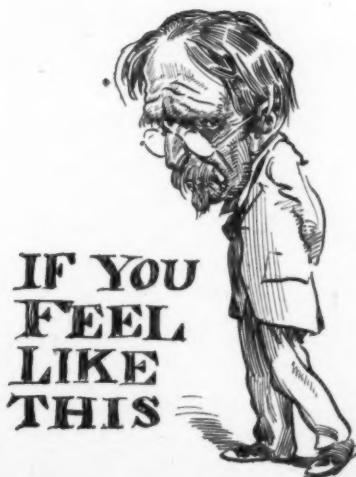
A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

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Bear the script name of Stewart
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.
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LIKE
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Here's a cure—Try Flagg's
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take Flagg's "If; a
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You are bound to improve
—but as a safeguard take
"Why They Married,"
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COMPANY has them.

"A room without pictures is like a room without windows."—RUSKIN

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HER CHOICE

"Smile if you will,
But some heart-strings
Are closest linked
With simplest things."—Will Carleton.

After C. Coles Phillips

India Print in Brown, 22 by 18 in.
\$2.00

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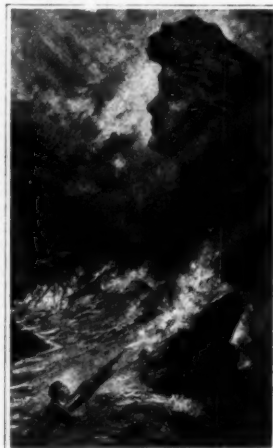
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TO-DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND FUTURE FEARS

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A LEE SHORE

After F. W. Read

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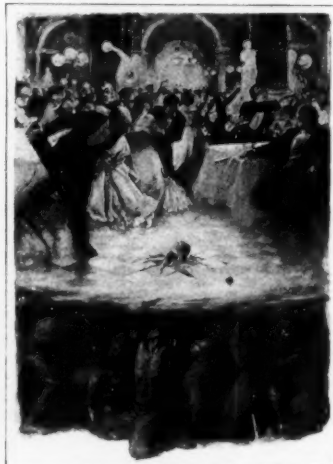


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After Henry Hutt

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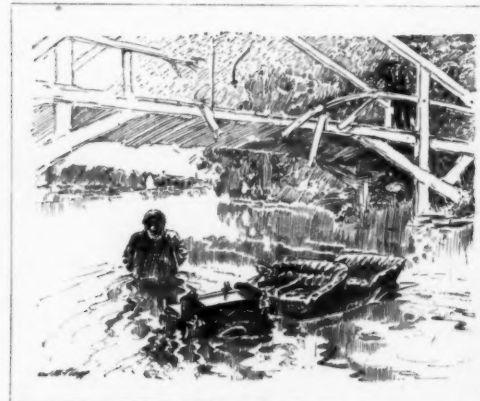


FROM THE DEPTHS

After W. Baljour Ker

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HELLO, OLD MAN. ANY TROUBLE?

After J. M. Flagg

Photogravure in Black, 15 by 20 in.
50 cents

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THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

After C. Clyde Squires

Photogravure in Brown, 20 by 15 in.
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"AMERICAN HOSIERY"

Underwear

is the *best* because we guarantee it to be *perfectly clean*. For hot weather and travel, *crisp* Lises are cooling and *gossamer* Merinos absorb perspiration. One thousand styles for girls and boys, women and men. Look for the label.

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AMERICAN HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
**TOILET
POWDER**
for After Shaving.



Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Pricly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

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Is Invaluable.
At All Dealers'

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Automobile and Accessory
Advertising

1904 . . . 20,350 lines
1905 . . . 45,378 lines
1906 . . . 47,168 lines

The first six months of 1907 show an increase over the same period in 1906 of over 36 per cent.



The Bee: SHUCKS! I THOUGHT SURELY I WOULD FIND A ROSEBUD MOUTH UNDER THIS SUNSHADE.

Superstitions About Babies

"YOU mothers," said a college girl disdainfully, "have the silliest superstitions about your babies. For my graduating thesis I am compiling the baby superstitions of the world's mothers. They're the most ludicrous things. Listen:

"In Russia they think a baby and a kitten can't thrive in the same house. They kill the kitten as soon as the baby comes.

"In Spain they won't let a baby under three see its reflection in a mirror. Otherwise they think it will grow up vain, proud and cruel.

"In Roumania babies all wear blue ribbons around the left ankle to ward off evil spirits.

"In Hungary they think that if you dress a girl baby in red she will turn out bad.

"In India it is good luck for a baby to fall out of bed.

"Irish babies keep strands of women's hair in their cradles to protect them from sickness."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

What is Bridge without a "Rad-Bridge"?

ACCORDING to a French physician, hands soiled by oil and grease when tinkering with motor cars are really not dirty, scientifically speaking, of course. The Parisian has used his microscope and examined some of the black grease, declaring it harbors no evil germs. Upon this finding he declared the soiled hands to be "hygienically clean." This will doubtless prove a great consolation to the great numbers of motorists who have "apparently" ruined clothes while doing their own repairing.—*Wasp*.

Wise in Their Generation

MARS had approached to within 83,000,000 miles of the earth.

"Hold on," said the more cautious Martians, "perhaps Japan will be offended if we sail closer."

This view seeming reasonable, they reversed and scooted away at full speed.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Not Altogether Bad

A POLICEMAN saw a man acting rather suspiciously near a jewelry store one evening, so, going over to him, he demanded to know who the man was and what he wanted.

"I'm thinking of opening a jewelry store in this neighborhood," replied the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade." Whereupon the policeman went on his way, satisfied.

Next morning word was received at the station-house that the store had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said reflectively, "He may be a thafe, but he's no liar!"—*Lippincott's*.

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The Foundation
of Scotch Whisky
Popularity

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY

First in popularity because
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ORIENT CLARK'S TENTH ANNUAL
CRUISE. Feb. 6, '08, 70 days, by
specially chartered S.S. "Arabia," 16,000 tons. 3 TOURS
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THERE IS A DIFFERENCE IN DYERS

If you are particular about the workmanship in cleaning or dyeing your garments and carpets or handsome Oriental rugs and portieres, send to Jules Doux, Dyer-Cleaner, 6 Burnet Street, Utica, N. Y., for booklet. References everywhere.



Drink Beer

As a food and a tonic. Every component in beer is good for you.

But be sure it is pure, else harm will be mixed with its healthfulness.

Beer aged insufficiently causes biliousness. That is why all Schlitz beer is aged for months in our cooling rooms.

Beer that's impure—not clean, not filtered, not properly sterilized—should be avoided.

That is why we spend more to insure absolute purity than we spend on anything else in our brewing.

Schlitz

The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.